Nuggets of News

Gold Hill Historical Society
P. O. Box 26
504 First Avenue
Gold Hill OR 97525
541-855-1182

October/November/December 2002

Newsletter for members and friends of the Gold Hill Historical Society
Established 1986
Meetings are held 3rd Wednesday of each month at 6:30 p.m.
at the Historical Society Museum, 504 First Avenue, Gold Hill, Oregon (except for August when the Annual Picnic/Potluck is held at noon on the 3rd Sunday).
Museum hours: Thursday through Saturday, 12 noon to 4 p.m.
Closed Holidays - Admission FREE (Donations accepted.)

A HARVEST FESTIVAL POEM FROM 1919

The hustle and the bustle on the farm at last is o'er,
There's time to chat with neighbors at the little
Country store,
And every face is wreathed in smiles and every
Heart is gay,
And a cheery word's on every lip to help you on
Your way.
There's rustling now of greenbacks, there's a
Jingling too of coin,
There's a chorus of rejoicing in which every one
Doth join,
And Bossy bellows loudly, Rover barks to swell
The din,
For the harvest days are over and the crops are
Gathered in.
The ploughing and the sowing, and the reaping
All are done,
The anxious months are over now and toil's reward
Is done,
The rain, the drouth, the insect pest that caused so
Much alarm,
Well, Nature kindly fixed it and they didn't do so
Much harm.
So the farmer thanks the Lord that he's an agriculturist,
And smiles and gives his chewing "plug" an extra loving
Twist.

GOLD HILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY WELCOMES NEW MUSEUM COORDINATOR

Gold Hill Historical Society welcomes Jayme Neil as our new Museum Coordinator. Neil is a graduate of SOU with a B.S. in Anthropology and has a great deal of experience and interest in museum studies, archeaology and history. During her college years, she interned for several months at Talent Historical Society where she kindled a strong interest in museum exhibits, programs, oral history and accessioning of museum collections. She has worked as part of archealogical crews locally and at the Oregon coast. She also has recent experience in grant writing for museums.

Gloria Wood, our Museum coordinator of the past year, has resigned to enjoy her retirement. We will continue to benefit from Wood's overwhelming interest, knowledge and talent as she will continue to volunteer at GHHS.

Please stop by the Museum and meet our new Coordinator. She is anxious to become acquainted with the Museum members and the community.

(Harvest Festival Poem continued)

And then, with sweet contentment, tugs the lone hairs on
His chin,
To prove once more that harvest's o'er and crops are
Gathered in.
The barn is full to bursting and the corn crib running o'er,
There are stacks of grain and fodder, mounting up to
Half a score.
There's wheat, there's oats, there's barley and likewise
Too, there's rye,
And the dandiest kind of pumpkins for the slickest kind
Of pie.
There's stock that's sleek and shiny, horse and
Hog and sheep.
And in the pastures cattle fat are lowing loud and deep.
There's poultry in the barnyard, red apples in the bin,
Which makes it clear that harvest's here and crops are
Gathered in.
The homestead's gay with visitors, Sue Jones and Mandy
Pratt
Dropped in to have a talk about a coat and winter hat.
The coffeepot works overtime, preserves and nuts abound,
And the kind of pie that mother makes goes cir-cl-ing
Around.
The team hauls a piano in, while joy pervades the scene.
Mandy gets her willow plume and Ma her sewing machine.
And Dad's an automobile bought, he's speeding her like
Sin,
To let folks know 'tis harvest time and crops are gathered
in.
The moon is in its glory now and 'neath its radiant glow
Eyes look into love-lit eyes and words are whispered low.
For when imperial autumn comes and summer fair
Departs,
Cupid joins the harvesters and gathers in the hearts.

**The above poem was found in an account book kept between 1919 and 1920 by Mrs. L.O. (Millie Pearl Hodges) Walker of Gold Hill. It is still unknown whether the poem is a copy or an original work. Mrs. Walker (Millie Pearl Hodges) was featured in our previous newsletter with her sisters in a story of a near drowning.

ANNUAL POTLUCK IS A GREAT SUCESS!

Auguest 18th turned out to be a beautiful day for Gold Hill Historical Societies annual meeting and potluck. About thirty Gold Hill Historical Society members, friends and family gathered for a fun filled day. There was a wonderful feast of fried chicken, corn on the cob, lemon pie, strawberry parfiat and other homemade treats Everyone regreted that Ted Wharton couldn't make it this year. Not only was he missed but so was his famous chicken!

Photos by Cliff Finnie

Young and young at heart turned out for this fun event. Here is Earl Morris entertaining our youngest historian. These are Gold Hill Historical Societies oldest and youngest members. What a treasure!

Here Gloria Wood is giving her annual report highlighting the events of the past year.

Photos by Cliff Finnie

(Annual Potluck continued on next page)

(Annual Potluck continued)

Delos Walker; a long time member, Marge Martin; a member and active volunteer, and Cindy Tilley-Faubion; GHHS President, spent some time chatting at the annual potluck

Photo by Cliff Finnie

LOCALS IN GOLD HILL

Donna Gorham Sodello and her daughters (Raren Baumann, Madeline Sordello and Debbie Pyle) came through Gold Hill and stopped in at Gold Hill Historical Society for a special visit. Sodello who now lives in California has fond memories of her childhood in Gold Hill.

Photo by Jayme Neil

Sodello's father, Arthur Gorham, was at one time the Mayor of Gold Hill and built the home in which the family resided until 1942. When Arthur Gorham was called back in to service, the family was moved to San Francisco. Minnie Byerly, Donna's grandmother, continued to live in the home for some time and then the home was sold.

Photo by Barbra Finnie

While in Gold Hill the women all reminiced of their childhoods in Gold Hill and special summer visits. Donna and Patricia had fond memories of a neighbor, Aunt Peggy, who kept candy at the bottom for her stairs for the children. Raren, Madeline and Debbie shared stories of their summer river adventures. They also remember their grandfather affectionatly describing the house in Gold Hill and the pussywilliow tree in the yard.

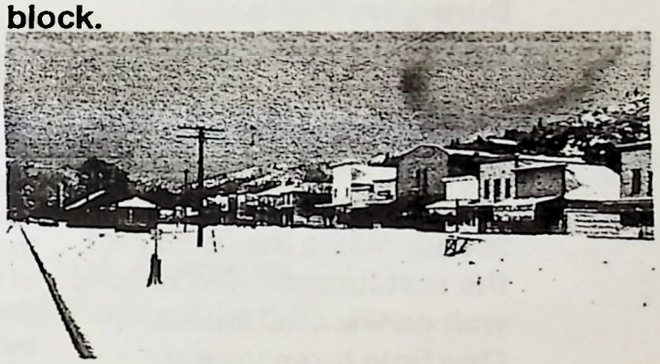
Photo by Barbara Finnie

Donna Gorham Sordello (left) and Patricia Zimmer (Clement)(right) remember good times together while visiting the Gold Hill Historical Society. The ladies have known each other for many years and are pictured here at the museum in September 2002 (left) and in Gold Hill when they were girls in 1938 (right). We appreciate their interest in Gold Hill Historical Society and the memories they shared with us! Thank you Donna and Patricia!

GOLD HILL BETWEEN 1911 AND 1915
Events and Personalities

By Mary Truax Hendricks

The main street of Gold Hill in those days was the street where the Gold Hill Hotel is now. It was standing in those days and managed by Steve Jones and family. Across the street from the hotel was a saloon,
Johnny Reeds Bon Bon shop, another saloon, a merchandise, grocery and drygoods store (Lance & Co.) with opera house above, a meat market, a telephone office, the Gold Hill Café, a bakery and Mrs. Hutson rooming house. On the other side of the hotel toward the North, was the Gold Hill Bank, a barber shop, Turner's candy store, a book store, a drug store and merchandise store at the end of the block.



The old main street was a lively place in those days, especially on Saturday night. Hold Hill was wet in those days and Medford was dry. The town was crowded with people from Medford on Saturdays. The saloons were full, and during the summer months, there were open air dance pavilions, and dancing every Sat. night in the opera house. One open air pavilion was located North of the old depot, where also was a baseball park. Another pavilion was located across the tracks from main street about opposite from where the opera house was.

(Gold Hill 1911-1915 continued on next page)

(Gold Hill 1911-1915 continued)

On Saturday evenings the street was full of men. Mose Hall was one of them who every one knew. He always carried a pistol and was a crack shot. One evening I remember going by the corner saloon and a group of men were clustered around in a circle on the corner and Mose Hall was in the center. He was throwing an empty can up into the air and he was shooting at it. He hit it at every shot and kept the can up in the air with his shots until he emptied the gun. That brought cheers from everyone around him. During his day he put several bullet holes in the bar room walls. By some he was considered a dangerous man, but to me he always seemed to be a friend. While the folks had the restaurant, I had to help wait on the customers. One time three young fellows came in and sat at the end of the horseshoe counter and ordered their evening meal. They kept pestering me while eating to bring them a spoon, or some sugar, or some butter, or any thing that came to their mind. Across from them was Mose Hall who was eating his dinner. He saw what they were doing and he says: "Mary, just who are those smart young guys." That shut them up completely. They ate their meal in silence and took off. Guess they knew Mose Hall, who was likely to scrape some of the hair off their heads with a bullet.

Another time some smart boys came in and ordered their dinner. While I was in the kitchen getting some coffee cups, one of them had dragged his stool around to the kitchen swinging doors, so that I would bump into him when I swung the doors open with my foot. He didn't get the distance gaged just exactly right for the doors missed his stool, and there he was sitting on the stool right in front of me. My left hand was free, and so I doubled up my fist and gave him a punch in the stomach that sent him sprawling to the floor and the stool on top of him. The others jeered him, and guess that was surprise to one young smarty. About once a year a young fellow from Tonoah use to come into town to visit his father and sister. He was a friend of my parents and liked to help wait on tables. One time during a celebration, the dining room was filled to the capacity, and some man in the group sitting with his friends at the far end of the dining room was making some kind of remark that this young fellow (Harry Womack) didn't like. He picked up a big dill pickle and sent it sailing through the air and it hit this smarty right between the eyes. No more out of him.

I think it was this same day that a Mrs. Horn, the largest women in Gold Hill (about 275 or 300 lbs.) came marching thru the front door and down the narrow aisle, headed for the public toilet in the back yard of the restaurant. Harry Womack was half way down the aisle with a large tray of food and met Mrs. Horn. Harry had to back up about twenty feet with that big tray of food up above his head, into a corner to let Mrs. Horn pass. Harry had the ugliest look on his face that you ever did see. My mother, Mrs. Truax, was on the inside of the counter and saw it all, then she burst out laughing. Harry finally saw how funny that must have looked and started to laugh too.

GHHS #13

On Saturday nights the folks served midnight dinner to the dancers in the opera house. The restaurant would only seat about 70 people at the most. Some one would announce in the dance hall that the dinner was ready. When all the seats were

(Gold Hill 1911-1915 continued on next page)

Volunteers Needed

Gold Hill Historical Society needs you! Like most Historical Societies, Gold Hill is dependent on its volunteers. Volunteers help make things happen and are an essential part of the museum. There are many benefits to volunteering such as helping your community, gaining job skills and experience and a feeling that you have done something special and worthwhile in your spare time. There are many opportunities for anyone interested in becoming a volunteer and we can help to place you in a position in which would be the the most enjoyable and beneficial to you. We welcome volunteers of all ages.

Here are some much needed volunteer opportunities:
Handyman/women capable of doing small and large jobs, data entry, landscaping, yard clean up, research, sewing, cemetery maintenance, college practicum, photography, assisting with programs or exhibits and general office work.

Please contact Jayme Neil if you are interested, have ideas or need more information! 855-1182

Gold Hill Historical Society
Membership/Renewal/Volunteer Form

Name _____

Street Address _____

Mailing Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Telephone _____

☐ Family Membership $6.00 per year
New membership,. Welcome!

☐ Family Membership $6.00 per year
Renewal. Thank you!

☐ Contribution

☐ Yes, I would like to volunteer

Return form to:

Gold Hill Historical Society
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(Gold Hill 1911-1915 continued)

taken, we closed the restaurant doors until they were through. Then the tables were cleared and reset and the next 70 were entered, seated and served. It took about three of these sessions to accommodate all dancers. This was family style service. They got whatever was on the tables.

At times a colored group of entertainers came to town for a one night minstrel show. The Gold Hill Café fed the colored men about four o'clock in the afternoon, and locked the doors while eating, to keep out any disgruntled white who might want to come in.

Every year we had a customer by the name of Jerry, who came to town for a short stay. He carried with him a quart canning jar full of gold nuggets and always set it on the counter by his plate while he ate his meal.

In those days you could buy a gold nugget at the bank. The bank also weighted the gold nuggets that came in, and gave the one coming in with them whatever they were worth in currency.

In those days we had gold coins in $5.00, $10.00 and $20.00 denominations. The five dollar gold coin was about the size and looked like a penny. Once my father passed out a $5 gold coin for a penny while making change. He was kicking himself for a week later.

J. E. ENYART, Pres. HORACE PELTON, Vice Pres.
J. L. HAMMERSLY, Cashier

The GOLD HILL BANK

Capital, $25,000.00

A General Banking Business Transacted

Correspondents

First National Bank, Portland, Wells Fargo & Co., San Francisco, National City Bank, New York City

Ean Rhoten was one of the prospectors who took off for the hills with a pack of food on his back and a frying pan hanging from the outside of his pack. He walked out of town and would be gone for ten days or two weeks. He came into town with gold nuggets and an empty sack. The nuggets he cashed at the bank. The saloons I think usually got most of his money. When broke he again headed for the hills to find some more pockets. He had a brother who also did about the same thing.

There was a character about town who appeared on main street with a lighted candle stuck upright in his hat band. He paraded up and down the of street a couple of times and then would disappear. He did this once a year for a couple of years.

The town doctor was Dr. Chisholm, also Dr. Kelsey. I and a girl friend were riding bicycles. We started out from in front of the Gold Hill Hotel, down the granite walk way over the tracks to the other side of town. I was about across from where the old depot used to be when I saw Dr. Chisholm coming toward me on foot. I turned out to dodge him and he turned the same way. After three or four of those repetitions, he wound up straddling my bicycle and his hands hold of my handle bars. A lot of men were gathered along main street and they all started to laugh their heads off. I continued on my way but everyone knew about my running down the town doctor when I got back. I was embarrassed with all the laughing, but felt better when mother told me they were not laughing at me, they were laughing at Dr. Chisholm.

GGHS Dr. Chisholm

(Gold Hill 1911-1915 continued on the next page)

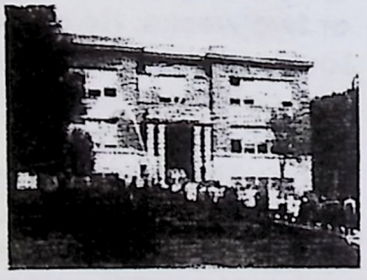
(Gold Hill 1911-1915 continued)

The surveyor was a young fellow by name of Dodge, first name I think was Fred. He seemed to be busy most of the time. I think there was a spur railroad track being laid across the river. Seems that several people gathered and drove a gold spike, but the project never got off the ground.

A Mrs. Rice was a clerk in the Southern Pacific depot and she was a teacher who taught about thirty of the school girls how to perform in an Indian Club drill. This was sponsored by the local church. We all had black bloomer uniforms with white collars, and put on a performance in the opera house to raise money. I think for the church. We had a full house to see us swing Indian Clubs.

At one time a band stand was erected across from the depot near the tracks, and one summer, I remember we played a concert about every Saturday in the evening. It was composed of those who resided in town and some of the high school kids. I was one of them and played the clarinet. The only other women was Mrs. Lord who lived with her husband in the brick home still standing down the new main street a short way on the right hand side or east side of the street. She played the trombone. Our conductor and instructor was Mr. Day, a clarinet player.

About 1914 our high school superintendent bought a new car. It had just one light in the middle front. A light in the middle was supposed to brighten up the right part of the road better than two. I think it was called a Durrant. Have often wondered how long that car lasted on the market. He took us kids riding in it several times, a light gray nice looking car, room for four or five, two seats.



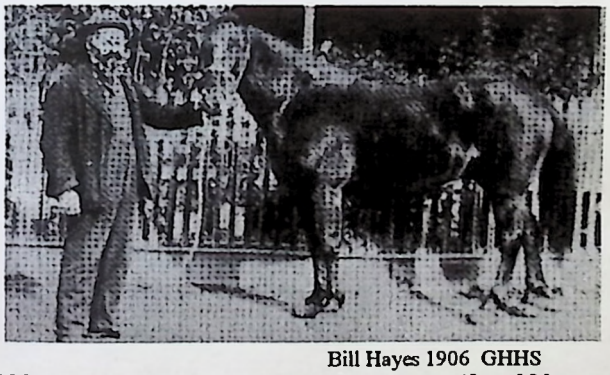
The high school kids used to have marshmellow toasting parties. We hiked out to the hill side and built bonfires. The only road on the other side of the river was a narrow wagon like road. We used to cross on the bridge and walk along this rough road toward the North and climb the mountain for a ways to build our fire. We came home by way of a swinging bridge that crossed the river just North of town. Only about six of us crossed at any one time for fear the bridge would give way. It would swing quite a bit and we hung onto the side ropes that enclosed the narrow planks we walked on. A little bit scarey at times.

Our transportation in those days to Medford was mostly by train. The passenger train came through in the morning about 10 o'clock going south as far as Ashland, and from Ashland North in the afternoon, coming through Gold Hill about 4:30 or 5 p.m. One of the freight trains had an engineer, Glenn Norton, whose father lived in Gold Hill. Glenn would stop his engine about opposite the Gold Hill Café. We would give a little toot on his horn and some one in the Cafe would come out onto the sidewalk and Glenn would call out his dinner order, usually a steak, which he wanted ready soon as he could get to the restaurant. He had a time schedule, with

(Gold Hill 1911-1915 continued next page)

only an hour or so lay over so he saved some time when his meal was ready soon as he could come in. Thinking about this incident, makes me think that must be something that no other restaurant ever did--take an order form an engineer who was still sitting in the cab of his engine on the tracks.

Another fellow about town was old man Hayes. He always liked to get the best of someone and then laugh about it. The folks left their restaurant business about 1917 and set up a mercantile store for a short time in the saloon building vacated on the corner across from the hotel. One day Hayes came in I happen(ed) to be in front of the store and mother in the rear. He says: "Mary, I want some galices." I didn't know what galices were, and he knew by my expression that I didn't know so he burst out in a great big haw-haw laugh. Mother, from the back of the store, overheard what he said, and called out to me to show him some suspenders. He kidded me about that later.



Bill Hayes 1906 GHHS

We school kids use(d) to go the We-go theater. Admission was ten cents. I remember some of the actors in those days were Wm. Hart, Monty Blue, and one of the shows was "Perils of Pauline." One of the pictures showed a railroad engine coming right at you out of the screen and scared me half to death. Guess I thought it was going to run over me. Pauline fell out of one of the car windows and rolled down a steep bank. Jack London came through town at one time. As I remember he had a dog sled and was headed for California.

In those days we had no radio or television. We made our own clothes and life was mostly home spun. We made our own entertainment. No one ever thought of women wearing slacks in those days. We made our own dresses out of yardage we bought in the stores.

In 1909 the only school in Gold Hill was the two story, big square wooden building on the first corner lot back of the hotel. A.J. Hanby was the teacher. The brick school house, now the Hanby School, was finished the next year and all students moved into that, both grade and high school. We students raised money through socials to build a tennis court, which is now covered over with buildings. All of us walked to school. I don't remember even seeing any bicycles. We had a cooking class in the basement, and one time the teacher taught us how to make a cream pie, but we wound up eating it with a spoon. One time some pranksters put a lot of hot pepper in the ventilating system and sneezing went on all over the place. No one could ever find out who did it.

Board of Directors
2002

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Ida Tilley, Vice President
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"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams"
-Eleanor Roosevelt

GHHS Calendar

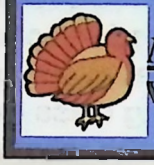
October 5th. There will be an open house at the Chavner House on Blackwell Rd. from 10-2.

October 16th. GHHS Meets for their monthly meeting from 6:30-8pm.

October 27th. Daylight Savings! Don't forget to set your clock back 1 hour.

October 31st. Halloween. Stop by the Museum for Treats...no tricks. We will be open our regular hours 12-4.

November 20th. GHHS Meets for their monthly meeting from 6:30-8pm.



November 28th. Thanksgiving. We will be closed.

December 18th. GHHS Meets for their Christmas potluck from 6:30-8pm. Bring horsd'oeovres and desserts and enjoy a get together with friends.

December 18th-21st. GHHS is planning a special week of fun before the holidays. This will be a very "kid" friendly event! Call for information and times.

December 25th. Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays. We will be closed December 25th-January 1st so that the staff and volunteers may enjoy time with their family and friends.

January 1st. Happy New Year, 2003!! We will be closed. Have a happy and safe new year!

SEE YOU IN 2003...

Gold Hill Historical Society
P. O. Box 26
504 First Avenue
Gold Hill OR 97525

Eagle Point Historical Soc. & Museum
301 N. Royal Ave.
PO Box 201
Eagle Point, Oregon 97524